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A THRILLNG INCIDENT.

Near the hamlet of Udorf, on the banks of the Rhine, not far from Bonn, there yet stands the mill which was the scene of the following adventure:

One Sunday morning the miller and his family set out as usual to attend divine services at the nearest church in the village of Heasel, leaving the mill, to which the dwelling-house was attached, in charge of his servant-maid, Hanchen, a bold-hearted girl who had been some time in his service. The youngest child, who was too little to go to church, remained also under her care.

As Hanchen was busily engaged in preparing dinner for the family, she was interupted by a visit from her admirer, Heinrich Botteler. He was an idle, graceless fellow, and her master, who knew him well, had forbidden him the house; but Hanchen could not believe all the stories she had heard against her lover, and was sincerely attached to him. On this occasion she greeted him kindly, and not only got him something to eat at once, but found time in the midst of her business to sit down and have a gossip with him, while he did justice to the fare beofre him.

As he was eating, he let fall the knife, which he asked her to pick up for him. She playfully remonstrated, telling him she feared, from what she had heard, he did little enough work, and ought at least to wait on himself. In the end, however, she stooped down to pick up the knife, when the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat and caught her by the nape of the neck, griping her firmly with his fingers to prevent her screaming, then with an oath he desired her to tell him where her master kept his money, threatening to kill her if she did not comply with his demands.

The surprised and terrified girl in vain attempted to parley with him. He still held her tightly in his choking grasp, leaving her no other choice but to die or betray her master. She saw there was no hope of softening him or changing his purpose, and with a full conviction of his treachery, all her native courage awoke in her bosom.

Affecting, however, to yield to what was inevitable, she answered him in a resigned tone, that what must be, must; only, if he carried off her master's gold, he must take her with him, too, for she could never stay to bear their suspicions and reproaches, entreating him at the same time to relax his grasp of her throat, for she could hardly speak, much less do what he bid while he held her so tight. At length he was induced to quit his hold, on her reminding him that he must lose no time, as the family would soon be returning home from church.

She then led the way to her master's bedroom, and showed the coffer where he kept his money.

"Here," she said, reaching to him an axe which lay in one corner of the room, "you can open it with this, while I run up stairs to put all my things together, besides the money I have saved since I have been here."

Completely deceived by her apparent readiness to enter into his plans, he allowed her to leave the room, only exhorting her to be as quiet as possible, and was immediately absorbed in his own operation, first opening the box, and then depositing the money about his person.

In the meanwhile, Hanchen, instead of going up stairs to her own room, crept softly along several passages, till she again reached her master's chamber. It was the work of a moment to shut and bolt the door upon him; she rushed to the other door of the mill to give the alarm. The only being in sight was her master's little boy, a child five years old; to him she called with all her might:

"Run! run to meet your father as he comes from church; tell him we shall all be murdered if he does not come back!"

The frightened child did as she bade him, and set off running on the road she pointed. Somewhat relieved by seeing that the child understood her, and would make her case known, she sat down for a moment on the stone seat before her door, and, full of conflicting emotions of grief and thankfulness for her escape, she burst into tears.

But at this moment a shrill whistle aroused her attention. It was from her prisoner Heinrich, who, opening the grated window above her head, shouted to some accomplice without, to catch the child that was running away so fast, and to kill the girl.

Hanchen looked around in great alarm, but saw no one. The child continued to run with all its might, and she hoped it was a false alarm, to excite her and overcome her resolution, when, just as the child reached the hollow in the next field (the channel of a natural drain,) she saw a ruffian start from the bed of the drain, and snatching the child in his arms, hastened with him to the mill, in accordance with the direction of his accomplice. In a moment she perceived the full extent of her danger, and formed her plan for escaping it.

Retreating into the mill, she double locked, and barred and bolted the door, the only apparent entrance into the building, every other means of obvious access prevented by strong iron grating fixed up against all the windows, and then took her post at the upper casement, determined to await patiently her master's return, and her consequent delivery from the dangerous position of her own death, if inevitable; for she was fully resolved to enter into no terms, and that nothing should induce her to give up her master's property into the robbers' hands.

She had hardly time to secure herself in her retreat, when the ruffian holding the screaming child in his arms, and brandishing a knife in one hand, came up and bid her open the door, or he would break it down, adding many fearful oaths and threats, to which her only answer was that she put her trust in God. Henrich, who from his window was a witness to this colloquy, now called out to cut the child's throat before her eyes, if she persisted in her refusal.

Poor Hanchen's heart quailed at this moment. The death of the child could be no gain to them, while her own death was certain, if she admitted the assailant; and her master, too, would be robbed. She had no reason to suppose that her compliance would save the life of the child. It was risk against nothing, and she resolved to hold out to the last, though the villain renewed his threats, saying if she did not open the door to him, he would kill the child, and then set fire to the mill over her head.

"I put my trust in God," was still the poor girl's answer.

In the meanwhile the ruffian set down the child for a moment to look for combustibles to carry out his threat. In his search, he discovered a mode of entering the mill unthought of by Hanchen. It was a large aperture in the wall, communicating with the great wheel and other machinery of the mill, and it was a point entirely unprotected, for it had never been contemplated that any one would seek to enter by so dangerous an inlet. Triumphant at this discovery, he returned to tie the hands and feet of the poor child to prevent his escape, and then stole back to the aperture by which he intended to effect an entrance.

The position of the building prevented Hanchen seeing anything of this; but a thought struck her. It was Sunday, when the mill was never at work. If, therefore, the sails were set in motion, the whole neighborhood would know that something was the matter; and her master would especially hasten home to know the meaning of anything so strange. Being all her life accustomed to the machinery of the mill, it was the work of a moment to set all in mation; a brisk breeze which sprung up at once, set the sails flying. The arms of the huge engine whirled around with fearful rapidity, the great wheel slowly revolving upon its axis; the smaller gear turned, and creaked, and groaned, according as the machinery came into action, the mill was in full motion.

It was at that moment that the ruffian intruder succeeded in squeezing himself through the aperture in the wall and getting himself safely lodged in the great drum wheel. His dismay, however was indescribable, when he began to be whirled about with its rotation, and found that all his efforts to put a stop to the powerful machinery which sat in motion, or extricate himself from this perilous situation, were fruitless. In his terror, he uttered shrieks and horrible imprecations. Astonished at the noise Hanchen went to the spot, and saw him caught, like a rat in his own trap, from which it was no part of her plan to liberate him. She knew he would be more frightened than hurt, if he kept within his rotary prison, without any rash attempts at escape, and that even if he became insensible, he could not fall out of it.

In the mean time the wheel went round and round with its steady and unceasing motion, and round and round he went with it, while sense remained, beseeching Hanchen, with entreaties, promises, and wild, impatient threats, which were equally disregarded, till by degrees feeling and perception failed him, and he heard and saw no more. He fell senseless at the bottom of the engine, but even then his inanimated body continued to be whirled round as before, for Hanchen did not dare to trust appearances in such a villain, and would not venture to suspend the working of the mill or stop the mill gear and tackle from running at their fullest speed. At length she heard a loud knocking at the door, and flew to open it. It was her master and his family, accompanied by several of his neighbors, all in the utmost consternation and wonder at seeing the mill sails at full swing on Sunday, and still more so when they found the poor child lying bound on the grass, who however, was too terrified to give any account of what had happened.

Hanchen in a few words told all; and then her spirit, which had sustained her through such scenes of terror, gave way under the sense of safety and relief, and she fell fainting in their arms, and was with much difficulty recovered. The machinery of the mill was at once stopped and the inanimate ruffian dragged from his dreadful prison. Henrich, too, was brought forth from the miller's chamber, and both were in a short time sent bound under a strong escort, to Bonn, where they soon met the reward of their crimes.

The history of this extraordinary act of presence of mind concludes by telling us that Hanchen thus effectually cured of her *penchant* for her unworthy suitor, became eventually the wife of the miller's eldest son, and thus lived all her life in the scenes of her great danger and happy deliverance.

THE POWER OF THE HEART.—Let any one while sitting down, place the left leg over the knee of the right one, and permit it to hang freely, abandoning all muscular control over it. Speedily it may be observed to sway forward and back through a limited space at regular intervals. Counting the number of these motions for any given time, they will be found to agree exactly with the beating of the pulse. Every one knows that, at a fire, when the water from the engine is forced through bent hose, the tendency is to straighten the hose; and if the bend be a sharp one, considerable force is necessary to overcome the tendency. Just so it is in the case of the human body. The arteries are but a system of hose through which the blood is forced by the heart. When the leg is bent, all the arteries within it are bent too, and every time the heart contracts, the blood rushing through the arteries tends to straighten them; and it is the effort which produces the motion of the leg alluded to.—Without such ocular demonstration, it is difficult to conceive the power exerted by that exquisite mechanism, the normal pulsations of which are never perceived by him whose very life they are.—*Jos. W. Sprague.*

VULGAR WORDS.—There is as much connection between the words and thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the words—the latter are only the expression of the former, but they have power to react upon the soul, and leave the stain of corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use profane or vulgar words, has not only shown that there is a foul spot on his mind, but by utterance of that word he extends the spot and inflames it, till, by indulgence, it will soon pollute and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words as well as your thoughts. If you can control the tongue so that no improper words be pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind, and save it from corruption.

FIRST BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION.

The following description of the battle of Lexington is from Bancroft's seventh volume of the History of the United States: On the afternoon of the 18th of April, the day on which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts adjourned, General Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. But the attempt had for several days been expected; a strict watch had been kept; and signals were connected to announce the first movements of troops for the country.

Samuel Adams and Hancock, who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren, and in consequence, the Committe of Safety removed a part of the public stores and secreted the cannon.

On Tuesday, the 18th, ten or more sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and further west, to interrupt all communication. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Boston commanded by the incompetent Lieut. Col. Smith, crossed in boats of the transport ships from the foot of the Common to East Cambridge. There they received a day's provisions, and near midnight, after wading wet marshes, that are now covered by a stately town, they took the road through West Cambridge to Concord.

"They will miss their aim," said one of the party who observed their departure. "What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer.

Percy hastened to Gage, who instantly directed that no one should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already at ten o'clock, dispatched William Dawes through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by way of Charleston.

Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and five minutes before the sentinels got orders to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the Somerset man-of war across Charles River. All was still, as suited the hour. The ship was winding with the young flood; the waning moon just peered above the horizon; while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North Church, the beacon streamed to the neighboring towns as fast as light could travel. A little beyond Charlestown Neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback, but being himself well mounted, he turned suddenly and leading one of them into a clay pond, he escaped from the other by the road to Medford. As he passed on, he waked the captain of the minute men of that town, and continued to rouse almost every house on the way to Lexington. The troops had not advanced far, when the firing of guns and the ringing of bells, announced that their expedition had been heralded before them; and Smith sent back to demand a reinforcement.

On the morning of the 19th of April, between the hours of twelve and one, the message of Warren reached Adams and Hancock, who divined at once the object of the expedition. Revere, therefore, and Dawes, joined by Samuel Prescott, "a high son of liberty" from Concord, rode forward, calling up the inhabitants as they passed along, till in Lincoln they fell upon a party of British officers. Revere and Dawes were seized and taken back to Lexington, where they were released; but Prescott leaped over a low stone wall, and galloped for Concord.

There, at about two in the morning, a peal from the belfry of the meeting house called the inhabitants of the place to their town hall. They came forth, the old and young, with their firelocks ready to make good the resolute words of the town debate. Among the most alert was William Emerson, the minister, with gun in hand, his powderhorn and pouch for balls slung over his shoulder. By his sermons and prayers, he had so hallowed the enthusiasm of his flock that they held the defense of their liberties a part of their covenant with God; his presence with arms proved his sincerity and strengthened their sense of duty. From daybreak to sunrise, the summons ran from house to house through action. Express messengers and volleys from minute men spread the alarm.

Lexington, in 1775, may have had 700 inhabitants, forming one parish, and having for their minister the learned and fervent James Clark, the bold inditer of patriotic papers that may yet be read on their town records. In December 1772, they had instructed their representatives to demand a radical redress for their grievances, for, "not through their neglect should the people be enslaved."

A year later they spurned the use of tea. In 1774, at various town meetings, they voted to increase their stock of ammunition, "to encourage military discipline, and to put themselves in a posture of defense against their enemies. In December they distributed to "the train band and alarm list arms and ammunition," and resolved to supply the training soldiers with bayonets.

At two in the morning, under the eyes of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington common was alive with the minute men; and not with them only, but with many old men, also who were exempt, except in cases of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and out of militia and alarm men, about one hundred answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and and ball, but take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers sent to look out for British regulars reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their homes; some to the tavern, near the south-east corner of the common.

Adams and Hancock, whose proscription had already been divulged, and whose seizure was believed to be intended, were compelled by persuasion to retire towards Woburn.

The last stars were vanishing from sight—when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn, a Major of the Marines, was discovered advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired and drums beat. Less than seventy—perhaps less than sixty—obeyed the summons, and in sight of half as many unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house.

The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up, and halted to load; and at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute men, cried out: "Disperse, ye villains; ye rebels, disperse! lay down your arms and disperse!" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this, Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried "Fire!" The order was instantly followed, first by a few guns which did no execution, and then by a heavy, close, and deadly discharge of musketry.

In the disparity of numbers, the Common was a field of murder, not of battle; Parker, therefore, ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse return the British fire. These random shots of fugitive or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed and a private of the 10th light infantry was slightly touched on the leg.

Jonas Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington, had promised never to run from the British troops, and he kept his vow. A wound brought him to his knees. Having discharged his gun, he was preparing to load it again, when as sound a heart as ever throbbed for freedom was stilled by a bayonet, and he lay on the post which he took at the morning's drum beat. So fell Isaac Muzzey, and so died the aged Robert Monroe, the same who in 1758 had been ensign at Louisburgh. Johnathan Harrington, jr., was struck in front of his house on the north of the Common. His wife was at the window when he fell. With the blood gushing from his breast he rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on his hands and knees towards his dwelling; she ran to meet him but only reached him as he expired on the threshold. Caleb Harrington, who had gone into the meeting house for powder, was shot as he came out. Samuel Hadley and John Brown were persued and killed after they had left the green. Asahel Porter of Woburn, who had been taken prisoner by the march, endeavoring to escape, was shot within a few rods of the Common.

Seven of the men of Lexington were killed; nine wounded;—a quarter part of those who stood in arms on the green. These are the village heroes who were more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of race divine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they had begun. Their names are held in grateful remembrance, and the expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation. They fulfilled their duty not from accidental impulse of the moment; then action was the slowly ripened fruit of Providence and of time.

Heedless of his own danger, Samuel Adams, with the voice of a prophet, exclaimed when he heard of the resistance at Lexington, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" for thus he saw that his country's independence was hastening rapidly on, and like Columbus in the tempest, knew that the storm did not bear him the more swiftly towards the undiscovered world.

Written for the Newsdealer.

IS THERE A GOD?

How often is the expression used, "If there be a God!" as if doubting whether there is such a being as a Supreme Ruler of the Universe. But it is very important to be established in this respect, in order to human happiness; for he who is doubting on this point, is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. Consequently he is halting between two opinions; and is therefore uneasy, unhappy and discontented; he has no permanent rest of mind, but often cries out in the bitterness of his soul: "Oh! if there be a God!"

But who is he that says there is no God? Let the Psalmist answer: "The fool hath said in his heart 'There is no God.'" Shall we then yield to the judgment of the foolish, and join the theme and say there is no God? Nay, but let us turn our thoughts to the works of creation and Providence. And who hath wrought all these things? Did the earth come by chance, or did the hills and the fountains of water bring themselves into existence, or did man create himself in the beginning? or who made the beasts of the forest and the field? Answer if ye can, ye who say there is no God.

But again. From where did the glittering sun derive its origin, or of whom did it borrow its golden light, and its warming rays that cheer us through the day, or the moon and the stars that twinkle by night? Answer if ye can, ye who say there is no God.

O, ye fools, when will ye be wise? Learn a lesson from the rolling thunder, as it breaks over our heads! see the vivid lightning flashing! All portray an Almighty power, superior to man.

In view of all this, shall we continue to say, "If there be a God?" Nay, but let us respond that there is a God; and all the works of nature prove the fact that there is a God that rules on high, and minds the affairs of men.

If you are still doubting whether there be a God, with all these evidences before your mind, then turn your research to that sacred volume in which it is declared that God made all things, and declares himself to be God, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last; and blessed are they that do his commandments, for they shall have right to the tree of life. N.